

LEIGH HERRICK

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Who would've thought  
things could have ever gotten this far  
one line  
following the next as steps in the night  
follow their path in a particular pattern of sound  
each witness may have heard might hear even now  
a little differently: a sound with a shuffle or a muff a  
click or a tap a hollow sound an echo perhaps whatever it was  
remains inexact though the overall effect is still intact:  
someone had been walking  
perhaps in numbers  
maybe alone or:  
someone has been running here  
perhaps alone  
maybe in numbers  
the sound itself  
working over years  
working as the women worked  
working all these years  
in a world that kills children  
in a world the women prepare them for  
cooking eggs  
roasting  
baking cakes  
hoping the suffering  
still drowning  
in their tears  
would one day come to an end  
would one day free them from their kitchen vows  
where they made so many promises out loud:

*We will not be trite about this  
they wrote in blood  
We will say what has happened here*

2/22/03  
after elie wiesel, *night*

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